

Not Just Grunts

by UNSCScoutSniper

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Summary: Follow Spec Ops grunts through several campaigns. A look at the Halo universe from the little guys' POV. Side story to the Adventures of Uaca 'Sojasee. Note: This Project Has Been Canceled.

1. Prologue

****Not Just Grunts: A Story of the Unggoy****

****Disclaimer:**** The Prologue is taken from Conversations from the Universe. Mehme, Sangheili, etc. belongs to Bungie. The character Yapyap is not Yayap or is based on Yayap. Yapyap belongs to me.

****Prologue:****

****CCS Irrelevant Hope****

****9th Age of Reclamation****

"Why are they so angry all the time?"

"Who knows. They say that the Sangheili and the Jiralhanae are vying for the favor of the Prophets."

"But the Sangheili have always been the favored of the temple. No Jiralhanae can set foot there without first passing a Sangheili guard."

"You have eyes, Mehme, you've seen them bicker and fight. And you have ears; you've heard the disrespect the Jiralhanae show the Sangheili. They hate each other. The Sangheili have lived too long under the shelter of the Covenant as the strongest of us. The Jiralhanae come stomping along and suddenly it's not so simple as it was."

"I'll tell you what's simple, what's simple is that the Prophets have shown the Jiralhanae plenty of favor these last few months. They climb rank faster than the Sangheili, and they are promoted easily. And you know what happened with the Bracktanus fight. He killed a Sangheili in cold blood within spitting distance of a holy place and the matter was simply forgotten by the prophets. Even a Lekgolo would have been pulled apart for such transgression."

"They kill faster than the Sangheili, that's it."

"No, I think it's more than that. I smell trouble and I smell it coming soon. Between an angry Jiralhanae and a slighted Sangheili warrior is no place for an Unggoy to stand. They should parlay and have it done with."

"Ha! The Forerunners will return and anoint us all before they ever sit and talk civilly. I'm thirsty. Let's get a drink at the nipple."

2. CH1: Between a Rock and a Hard Place

****Chapter One: Between a Rock and a Hard Place****

****CCS _Irrelevant Hope_****

****9th Age of Reclamation****

"I'm sorry, Yapyap, but the nipple is closed for maintenance," the worker Grunt Kulak said.

"What happened?"

"A Kig-yar shot the nipples. They need to be replaced."

"Where can I get food?"

"Here you go."

"Mehmep, come before we are late."

"Yapyap, I was trying to drink."

"They're broken."

"By, Kulak."

"Hurry!"

The two black armored Grunts ran off to their duty station. They were Special Ops Grunts. They fought alongside the Special Ops Elites, the best warriors in the Covenant besides the Honor Guards. And they were all former special ops. Mehmep ducked to avoid a low flying Yanme'e. The Grunts called them bugs. They were supposedly intelligent, but the Grunts knew otherwise. Finally, the two grunts reached the armory. Several of their brothers were inside, along with several Elites. Yapyap ran heading into the backs of an Elite. The Elite turned around.

"Iâ€¦Iâ€¦I'm sâ€¦sorry, Excellency."

"Don't worry, Unggoy. Carry on."

"Excellency, who are you?"

"I am Commander Uaca 'Sojasee, head of Special Operations Troops on this ship. You are?"

"Yapyap. Squad leader. This is Mehmeep, my, uh, assistant, Excellency."

"You do not appear to be afraid of Sangheili. You are now in my squad."

"We do not, uh, deserve that, uh, honor, Excellency."

"Don't worry. Get your weapons, and quickly. We are near our target."

"Yes Excellency."

The two grunts ran over to the Unggoy arms locker and each took a plasma rifle and four plasma grenades. They refilled their methane tanks.

"Everyone report to the drop pod room."

Yapyap and Mehmeep ran to a pod. Two Grunts were assigned to a pod, while Elites had their own, personal, pods. They waited anxiously for their pod to hit the ground. Ten minutes later, the pod hit the ground. The front blew off, and the two Grunts ran out. The Flood populated the dropzone. The team fired at the Flood, but the parasites regrouped and attacked en masse. The forward Grunts were overrun, and the Elites started falling one by one, overwhelmed by the Flood. Plasma grenades and Fuel Rod Guns were fired. The parasites were killed. The Elites slashed the dead corpses of the combat forms with their blades. The DZ was pronounced secure, and Phantoms came in with vehicles. Yapyap and Mehmeep got into the troop compartment of a Shadow, along with six more Grunts. The Elite driving nearly went off a cliff, and two Grunts were thrown out, screaming as they fell to their deaths. The Elite did not stop. The Grunts were silent as they mourned their brothers. That was the way it was. They were scum to the Elites. Cannon fodder. How many Grunts had died so far? A million? They did not know. They never had been to their homeworld, either. That was what they longed, to run around, free of their methane tanks and breathers, by the natural pillars of fire in the swamps of the planet. But right now, all that matter was surviving to the next day, and the next. The Shadow came to a stop, and the six Grunts dismounted. Four Brutes waited. The Elite got out, and took his carbine. A plasma grenade latched on to his armor. The Elite died.

"You four, you with me."

"Yes, Yapyap. We with you."

"Go now."

"Enemyâ€¦|you see, you see?"

"They Jiralhanae."

"No, they enemy. They kill Sangheili."

"Plasma grenades. Throw quick, throw many!"

"Yes Yapyap. Throw blue flashes."

The Grunts threw their grenades. Some stuck, but all the Brutes died.

"Get Fuel Rod Guns. Hold position, wait for Sangheili. Go, quick, Hedhak, Nuklas, Gawak, and Rukaw."

"We go, Yapyap."

The four Grunts ran to the Shadow, overturned by the grenade explosion. They crawled into it and got four cannons.

"Must hold. Me use radio; call for help."

"Okay."

"_This Yapyap. Need help. Where you?"_

"_This is 'Sojasee. A phantom is on way. The Jiralhanae have betrayed us. Kill any you see."_

"_We kill four. Have Fuel Rod Guns. We ready for anything."_

"Phantom on way. Destroy Shadow. No need it anymore."

The Phantom arrived. The six Grunts boarded it. The Phantom gained altitude and banked to the right. It flew into space, and headed to the _Irrelevant Hope_. Inside the Phantom Bay, Worker Grunts were carrying the corpses of Jackals and Drones away to an airlock. The Hatches were scored with plasma burns. A pile of Plasma Pistols and Needlers were on the floor.

"What happen here, Dock Master?"

"The Kig-yar and Yanme'e sided with the Jiralhanae. We killed them, the traitors."

"We must go to armory. New mission, very important."

The Grunts hurried to the Armory.

"What mission, yapyap?"

"I don't know. Very important, secret. Matter of life and death."

End
file.